

THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE;
AND THE
Pleasures of the Town.

As Acted at the
THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

Written by *Scriblerus Secundus.*

——— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?

Juv. Sat. 1.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.*

MDCCXXX,

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JONES.

TOO long the Tragick Muse bath aw'd the Stage,
And frightned Wives and Children with her Rage.
Too long Drawcanfir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry Lady cries, and Critick sleeps.
With Ghosts, Rapes, Murders, tender Hearts they wound,
Or else, like Thunder, terrifie with Sound.
When the skill'd Actress to her weeping Eyes,
With artful Sigh, the Handkerchief applies,
How-griev'd each Sympathizing Nymph appears?
And Box and Gallery both melt in Tears.
Or, when in Armour of Corinthian Brass,
Heroick Actor stares you in the Face,
And cries aloud with Emphasis that's fit, on
Liberty, Freedom, Liberty and Briton;
While frowning, gaping for Applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his Hands?
Like the tame Animals design'd for Show,
You have your Cues to clap, as they to bowe?
Taught to commend, your Judgments have no Share;
By Chance you guess aright, by Chance you err.

But Handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-Night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

PROLOGUE.

*In Days of Yore, when Fools were held in Fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the Nation,
A merry Jester had reform'd his Lord,
Who wou'd have scorn'd the sterner Stoick's Word.*

*Bred in Democritus his laughing Schools,
Our Author flies sad Heraclitus' Rules:
No Tears, no Terror plead in his Behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the Tragick or the Comick Name,
Farces and Puppet-shows ne'er miss of Fame.
Since then, in borrow'd Dress, they've pleased the Town;
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.*

*Smiles we expect, from the Good-natur'd few;
As ye are done by, ye Malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him, who laughs at you.*



SONG

SONG in the First Act.

AIR, Butter'd Pease,

Luckleſs Sings.

*Does my deareſt Harriot ask
What for Love I wou'd purſue ;
Wou'd you, Charmer, know what Task
I wou'd undertake for you ?*

*Ask the bold Ambitious, what
He for Honours wou'd atchieve ;
Or the gay Voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for Pleaſures give.*

*Ask the Miſer what he'd do
To amafs exceſſive Gain ;
Or the Saint, what he'd purſue,
His wiſh'd Heav'n to attain.*

*Theſe I wou'd attempt, and more ;
For oh ! my Harriot is to me,
All Ambition, Pleaſure ſtore,
Or what Heav'n it ſelf can be.*

Harriot Sings.

*Wou'd my deareſt Luckleſs know,
What his Conſtant Harriot can,
Her tender Love and Faith to ſhow,
For her dear, her only Man ?*

*Ask the Vain Coquet, what ſhe
For Men's Adoration wou'd ;
Or from Cenſure to be free,
Ask the vile Cenſorious Prude,*

*In a Coach and Six to ride,
What the Mercenary Jade ;
Or the Widow, to be Bride
To a brisk, broad-ſhoulder'd Blade.*

*All these I wou'd attempt for thee,
Cou'd I but thy Passion fix;
Thy Tongue my sole Commander be,
And thy Arms my Coach and Six.*

SONG by Mr. Blotpage in the Second Act.

AIR, Ye Commons and Peers.

*How unhappy's the Fate
To live by one's Pate,
And be forc'd to write Hackney for Bread?
An Author's a Joke,
To all manner of Folk,
Where-ever he pops up his Head, his Head,
Where-ever he pops up his Head.*

*Tho' he mount on that Hack,
Old Pegasus' Back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a Curse of those Streams,
Poetical Dreams,
They never can quench one's Thirst, &c.*

*Ab! how shou'd he fly
On Fancy so high,
When his Limbs are in Durance and Hold?
Or how shou'd he charm,
With Genius so warm,
When his poor naked Body's a old, &c.*

Persons in the FARCE.

M E N.

Lucklefs, <i>the Author, and Master</i> <i>of the Show,</i>	}	Mr. Mullart.
Witmore, <i>his Friend,</i>		Mr. Lacy.
Marplay, }	Comedians.	Mr. Reynolds.
Sparkish, }		Mr. Stopler.
Bookweight, <i>a Bookseller,</i>		Mr. Jones.
Scarecrow, }	Scriblers.	Mr. Marshal.
Dash, }		Mr. Hallam.
Quibble, }		Mr. Dove.
Blotpage. }		Mr. Wells, Junr.
Jack, <i>Servant to Luckless,</i>		Mr. Achurch.
Jack-Pudding,		Mr. Reynolds.
Bantomite,		Mr. Marshal.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Moneywood, <i>the Author's</i> <i>Landlady,</i>	}	Mrs. Mullart.
Harriot, <i>her Daughter,</i>		Miss Palms.

Persons

Persons in the PUPPET-SHOW.

Player,	Mr. Dove.
Constable,	Mr. Wells.
Murder-text, <i>a Presbyterian Parson,</i>	Mr. Hallam.
Goddeſs of Nonsense,	Mrs. Mullart.
Charon,	Mr. Ayres.
Curry, <i>a Bookseller,</i>	Mr. Dove.
<i>A Poet,</i>	Mr. W. Hallam.
<i>Signior Opera,</i>	Mr. Stopler.
<i>Don Tragedio,</i>	Mr. Marshal.
<i>Sir Farcical Comick,</i>	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Dr. Orator,</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Monſieur Pantomime,</i>	Mr. Knott.
<i>Mrs. Novel,</i>	Mrs. Martin.
<i>Robgrave, the Sexton.</i>	Mr. Harris.
Saylor,	Mr. Achurch.
Somebody,	Mr. Harris, Jun.
Nobody,	Mr. Wells, Jun.
Punch,	Mr. Reynolds.
Joan,	Mr. Hicks.
<i>Lady Kingcall,</i>	Miss Clarke.
<i>Mrs. Cheat'em,</i>	Mrs. Wind.
<i>Mrs. Glaſs-ring,</i>	Mrs. Blunt.

THE



THE
AUTHOR'S FARCE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lucklefs's Room in Mrs. Moneywood's House.

Mrs. Moneywood, Harriot, and Luckles.

MONEYWOOD.

NEVER tell me, Mr. *Lucklefs*, of your Play, and your Play. — I say, I must be paid. I would no more depend on a Benefit-Night of an un-acted Play, than I wou'd on a Benefit-Ticket in an un-drawn Lottery. — Cou'd I have guess'd that I had a Poet in my House! Cou'd I have look'd for a Poet under Lac'd Cloaths!

Luck. Why not, since you may often find Poverty under them?

Money. Do you make a Jest of my Misfortune, Sir?

Luck. Rather, my Misfortune. — I am sure I have a better Title to Poverty than you. — You wallow in Wealth, and I know not where to dine.

Money. Never fear that; you'll never want a Dinner
B till

'till you have dined at all the Eating-Houses round. — No one shuts their Doors against you, the first Time — and I think you are so kind, never to trouble them a Second.

Luck. No — and if you will give me leave to walk out of your Doors, the De'el take me if ever I come into them again.

Money. Whenever you please, Sir; leaving your Moveables behind.

Luck. All but my Books, dear Madam, they will be of no Service to you.

Money. When they are sold, Sir; and that's more than your other Effects wou'd; for I believe you may carry away every thing else in your Pockets — if you have any.

Har. Nay, Mamma, it is barbarous to insult him.

Money. No doubt you'll take his Part. — Pray, get about your Business. — I suppose he intends to pay me, by ruining you. Get you in — and if ever I see you together again, I'll turn you out of Doors; remember that.

SCENE II. *Lucklefs, and Mrs. Moneywood.*

Luck. Discharge all your Ill-nature on me, Madam, but spare poor Miss *Harriot*.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. — I have suspected your Familiarity a great while. You are a base Man. Is it not enough to stay three Months in my House without paying me a Farthing, but you must ruin my Child?

Luck. I love her as I love my Soul. — Had I the World, I'd give it her all —

Money. But as you happen to have nothing in the World, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. — I suppose you wou'd have settled all your Castles in the Air. — Oh! I wish you had lodg'd in one of them, instead of my House. Well, I am resolv'd, when

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when you are gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my Door in great red Letters, *No Lodgings for Poets*. — Sure, never was such a Guest as you have been. — My Floor is all spoil'd with Ink — my Windows with Verses, and my Door has been almost beat down with Duns.

Luck. Wou'd your House had been beaten down, and every thing, but my dear *Harriot*, crush'd under it. Must I be your Scolding-stock every Morning? And because my Pocket is empty, must my Head be fill'd with Noise and Impertinence? Naturalists say, that all Creatures, even the most venomous, are of some Use in the Creation — but I'm sure a Scolding Old Woman is of none; — unless she serves in this World, as the Devil will in the other, to torment us. And if our Torment were to lie in Noise, I defy the Devil to invent a worse.

Money. Sir, Sir —

Luck. Madam, Madam! I will attack you at your own Weapon. — I'll pay you in your own Coin. —

Money. I wish you wou'd pay me in any Coin, Sir.

Luck. Pay you! — that Word is always uppermost in your Mouth, as *Gelt* is in a *Dutchman's*. — Look you, Madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable Woman can require; I'll shew you all I have, — and give you all I have too, if you please to receive it.

[*Turns his Pockets inside out.*]

Money. I will not be us'd in this manner. No, Sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as Law.

Luck. By what Law you will put Money into my Pocket, I don't know; for I never heard of any one who got Money by the Law, but the Lawyers. I have told you already, Madam, and I tell you again, that the first Money I get shall be yours; and I have great Expectations from my Play. In the mean time, your staying here can be of no Service, and you may possibly drive some fine Thoughts out of my Head. I

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must write a Love Scene, and your Daughter wou'd be properer Company on that Occasion, than you.

Money. You wou'd act a Love Scene, I believe, but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of my self, before my Daughter.

Luck. Dispose of your self! to whom? to the Tallow-chandler! You will never have any thing to do with Matrimony, 'till *Hymen* turns his Torch into a Tallow-Candle; then you may be of as much Use to him, as a fine Lady's Eyes to *Cupid*, and may serve to light young People to Bed together.

Money. You are a vile Slanderer. I am not so old, nor so fat, nor so ugly, as you wou'd make me. And 'tis very well known, that I have had very good Offers since my last dear Husband died, if I wou'd have accepted them; — I might have had an Attorney of *New-Inn* — or Mr. *Fillpot* the Excise-man — Yes, I had my Choice of two Parsons, or a Doctor of Physick — and yet I slighted them all; yes I slighted them for you. —

Luck. For me!

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible Marks of my Passion — too visible for my Reputation.

Luck. I have heard very loud Tokens of your Passion; but I rather took it for the Passion of Anger, than of Love.

Money. Oh! it arose from Love! — Do but be kind, and I'll forgive thee all.

Luck. Death! Madam, stand off. — If I must be plagu'd with you, I had rather you shou'd afflict my Eyes than my Touch; at a distance, you offend but one Sense; but nearer, you offend them all — and I wou'd sooner lose them all, than undergo you.

Money. You shall repent this, Sir, remember that — you shall repent it. — I'll shew you the Revenge of an injur'd Woman.

Luck. I shall never repent any thing that rids me of you, Madam, I assure you.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. Luckless, Harriot.

Har. My dear *Harry*, I have been waiting an Opportunity to return to you.

Luck. My dear *Harriot* — come to my Arms, and let me lay my aking, sick Head on thy tender Bosom.

Har. What's the Matter, my Dear?

Luck. I am sick of the most abominable Distemper.

Har. Heaven forbid! What is it?

Luck. Poverty, my Love — and your Mother is a most excellent Nurse.

Har. What shall I do for you? My Money is all gone, and so are my Cloaths; which, when my Mother finds out, I shall have as much need of a Surgeon, as you can have now of a Doctor.

Luck. No, I wou'd sooner starve, or beg, or steal, or die, than one Hair of my dear *Harriot* shou'd be hurt. I am armed against her utmost Rage; but for you I fear; for such a Spirit as your Mother, no *Amazon* ever possess'd before. So, if my present Design succeeds, we will leave her together —

Har. But if it shou'd fail —

Luck. Say, then, my *Harriot*, wou'd my Charmer fly To the cold Climes beneath the Polar Sky?

Or, arm'd with Love; cou'd she endure to sweat,

Beneath the sultry, dry *Æquator's* Heat?

Thirst, Hunger, Labour, Hardship, could she prove,

From Conversation of the World remove,

And only know the Joys of constant Love?

Har. Oh! more than this, my *Luckless*, would I do:

All Places are a Heaven, when with you:

Let me repose but on that faithful Breast,

Give me thy Love — the World may take the rest.

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Luck. My dear *Harriot*! by Heav'n, thy Lips are sweeter than the Honey, and thy Temper is yet sweeter than them.

Har. [*Sighs.*]

Luck. Why do you sigh, my Sweet?

Har. I only wish I were assured of the Sincerity of your Love. [*A Song.*

Luck. It is unkind in you to doubt it. — I wish it was in my Power to give you greater Proofs — but I will give you the greatest in my Power — which is, to marry you this Instant.

Har. Then I am easy: But it is better to delay that 'till our Circumstances alter — for, remember what you have your self said in the Song you taught me:

Wou'd you the charming Queen of Love,

Invite with you to dwell;

No Want your Poverty shou'd prove,

No State your Riches tell.

Both Her, and Happiness to hold,

A middle State must please;

They shun the House that shines with Gold,

And that which shines with Grease.

Money. [*Within.*] *Harriot! Harriot!*

Har. Hear the dreadful Summons; Adieu, my Dear. I will take the first Opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu to my pretty Charmer! — Go thy ways, for the first of thy Sex. What Fool wou'd dangle after, and make himself a Slave to the insolent Pride of a Mistress, when he may find another with as much Good-nature as he wou'd wish?

SCENE

SCENE IV. Luckless, Jack.

So! What News bring you!

Jack. An't please your Honour, I have been at my Lord's, and his Lordship thanks you for the Favour you have offered of reading your Play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of Business, he begs to be excus'd. — I have been with Mr. *Keyber* too; he made me no Answer at all. — Mr. *Bookweight* will be here immediately,

Luck. *Jack!*

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my Hat hither.

Jack. It is here, Sir.

Luck. Carry it to the Pawn-broker's. And, in your way home, call at the Cook's-Shop — make Haste. So, one way or other I find, my Head must always provide for my Belly.

SCENE V. Luckless, Witmore.

Luck. I am surprized, — dear *Witmore!*

Wit. Dear *Harry!*

Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a Man in this Age, who can be a Friend to Adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my Friend, as to direct you to me; for she is a Lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wit. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your Unkindness in not Visiting her — Mrs. *Lovewood*.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle Hour away there sometimes — when I am in an ill Humour, I go there and rail,

where I am sure to feed it with all the Scandal in Town——No News-writer is more diligent in procuring Intelligence——no Bawd in looking after Girls with an uncrack'd Maiden-head, than she in searching out Women with crack'd Reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous Office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a Favourer of the Women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the Women and the Muses——the high Roads to Beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of Scribbling yet?

Luck. No, Scribbling is as impossible to cure as the Gout.

Wit. And as sure a Sign of Poverty as the Gout of Riches. S'death! in an Age of Learning and true Politeness, where a Man might succeed by his Merit, it wou'd be an Encouragement.——But now, when Party and Prejudice carry all before them, when Learning is decried, Wit not understood, when the Theatres are Puppet-Shows, and the Comedians Ballad-Singers: When Fools lead the Town, wou'd a Man think to thrive by his Wit?——If you must write, write Nonsense, write Opera's, write Entertainments, write *Hurlo-thrumbo's*——Set up an *Oratory* and preach Nonsense; and you may meet with Encouragement enough. If you wou'd receive Applause, deserve to receive Sentence at the *Old-Baily*: And if you wou'd ride in your Coach, deserve to ride in a Cart.

Luck. You are warm, my Friend.

Wit. It is because I am your Friend. I cannot bear to hear the Man I love ridiculed by Fools and Idiots——To see a Fellow, who had he been born a *Chinese*, had been some low Mechanick, toss up his empty Noddle with a scornful Disdain of what he has not understood; and Women abusing what they have neither seen nor read, from an unreasonable Prejudice to an honest Fellow, whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these Reasons get a Patron,
be

be Pimp to some worthless Man of Quality, write Panegyrics on him, flatter him with as many Virtues as he has Vices—— and don't pretend to stand thy self against a Tide of Prejudice and Ill-nature, which would have over-whelm'd a *Plato* or a *Socrates*.

Luck. I own thy Advice is friendly, and I fear too much Truth is on your Side—— but what wou'd you advise me to do?

Wit. Thou art a vigorous young Fellow—— and there are rich Widows in Town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then—— for I suppose you are not so mad, to have any Engagement with a poor Mistress.

Luck. Even so, faith, and so heartily that I wou'd not change her for the Widow of a *Cræsus*.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches Ruin beyond Retrieval. What unfortunate Stars wert thou born under! Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged Jades the Muses, but you must fasten on some Earth-born Mistress as poor as them?

Luck. Fie *Witmore*, thou art grown a Churl.

Wit. While thou wert happy, I cou'd bear these Flights; while thy Rooms were furnished, and thy Cloaths whole, I cou'd bear thee.— But for a Man to preach up Love and the Muses in a Garret, it wou'd not make me more sick to hear Honesty talked of at Court, Conscience at *Westminster*, Politeness at the University—— Nay, I had rather hear Women disputing on the Mathematicks——

SCENE VI. Luckless, Witmore, Bookweight.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your very humble Servant.

Book. I was told, Sir, you had particular Business with me,

Luck.

Luck. Yes, Mr. *Bookweight*, I have something to put into your Hands. I have a Play for you, Mr. *Bookweight*.

Book. Is it accepted, Sir?

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh! Sir! when it is, it will be then Time enough to talk about it. A Play, like a Bill, is of no Value before it is accepted, nor indeed when it is, very often. This too is a plentiful Year of Plays — and they are like Nuts: In a plentiful Year they are commonly very bad.

Luck. But suppose it were accepted (as you term it) what wou'd you give me for it? (not that I want Money, Sir—)

Book. No, Sir, certainly— But before I can make any Answer I must read it— I cannot offer any thing for what I do not know the Value of.

Wit. That I imagine granted by the Players Approbation: For they are, you know, very great Judges.

Book. Yes, Sir, that they are, indeed— That they must be allowed to be, as being Men of great Learning: But a Play which will do for them, will not always do for us.— There are your Acting Plays, and your Reading Plays.

Wit. I do not understand that Distinction.

Book. Why, Sir, your Acting Play is entirely supported by the Merit of the Actor, without any Regard to the Author at all:— In this Case, it signifies very little whether there be any Sense in it or no. Now your Reading Play is of a different Stamp, and must have Wit and Meaning in it—— These latter I call your Substantive, as being able to support themselves. The former are your Adjective, as what require the Buffoonry and Gestures of an Actor to be joined to them, to shew their Signification.

Luck. Very learnedly defin'd, truly, Mr. *Bookweight*.

Book. I hope I have not had so much Learning go through my Hands without leaving some in my Head.

Luck.

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Luck. Well: But, Mr. *Bookweight*, I hope you will advance something——

Book. Why, had you a great Reputation I might venture: But, truly, for young Beginners it is a very great Hazard: For, indeed, the Reputation of the Author carries the greatest Sway in these Affairs. The Town have been so fond of some Authors, that they have run them up to Infallibility, and wou'd have applauded them even against their Senses.

Wit. And who but a Mad-man would write in such an Age?

Luck. S'death! *Witmore!* 'Tis cruel to insult my Misfortunes.

Wit. I wou'd cure them—— and that is not to be done by Lenitives.

Book. I am of that Gentleman's Opinion: I do think writing the filliest Thing a Man can undertake.

Luck. 'Tis strange you shou'd say so, who live by it.

Book. Live by it! Ah! If you had lost as much by Writers as I have done, you wou'd be of my Opinion.

Luck. But we are losing Time—— Will you advance fifty Guineas on my Play?

Book. No—— nor fifty Shillings, I assure you.

Luck. S'death! Sir, do you beat me down at this Rate?

Book. Sir, I wou'd not give you fifty Farthings—— Fifty Guineas, indeed! your Name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack.—— [Jack enters.

Take this worthy Gentleman and kick him down Stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this——

Jack. Come, Sir, will you please to brush——

Book. Help—— Murder—— I'll have the Law of you, Sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha.——

SCENE

SCENE VII. Luckless, Witmore,
Mrs. Moneywood.

Money. What Noise is this? It is a very fine Thing truly, Mr. *Luckless*, that you will make these Uproars in my House.——

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your Power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, Madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but your self.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine Reflections on my Character!—— Sir, Sir, all the Neighbours know that I have been as quiet a Woman as any in the Parish. I had no Noises in my House till you came. We were the Family of Love—— But you have been a Nuisance to the whole Neighbourhood—— While you had *Money* my Doors were thundered at every Morning at four and five, and since you have had none, my Walls have echoed nothing but your Noise and your Poetry—— Then there's the Rascal your Man—— but I'll pay the Dog—— I'll scour him—— [*to Wit.*] Sir, I am glad you are a Witness to his Abuses of me——

Wit. I am a Witness indeed, Madam, how unjustly he has abus'd you.

Luck. [*Jack whispers.*] *Witmore*, you'll excuse me a Moment.

SCENE VIII. Mrs. Moneywood, Witmore.

Money. Yes, Sir; and Sir, a Man that has never shewn one the Colour of his Money.

Wit. Very hard, truly—— How much may he be in your Debt, pray? Because he has order'd me to pay you.

Money. Ah! Sir, I wish he had.

Wit.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Here is the Bill as we settled it this very Morning. I always thought indeed Mr. *Lucklefs* had a good deal of Honesty in his Principles—any Man may be unfortunate: but I knew when he had Money I shou'd have it—I never was in any Fear for my Money, for my Part.

Wit. There, Madam, is your Money on the Table. Please to write a Receipt only.

Money. Sir, I give you a great many Thanks. There, Sir, is the Receipt—Well, if Mr. *Lucklefs* was but a little Soberer—I shou'd like him for a Lodger exceedingly: for I must say I think him a very pleasant good-natur'd Man.

SCENE IX. *Lucklefs returns.*

Luck. Those are Words I never heard out of that Mouth before.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleas'd to be Merry.

Luck. Why *Witmore*, thou hast the Faculty opposite to that of a Witch—and can'st lay a Tempest. I shou'd have as soon imagin'd one Man cou'd have stopt a Cannon Ball in its full Force, as her Tongue, and I believe she may be heard as far—Were she to roar forth a Summons to a Town, it wou'd have more Effect on the Governor than a volley of Artillery.

Money. Ha, ha, ha!

Wit. *Lucklefs*, good Morrow—I will see you again soon.—

Luck. *Witmore*, I am yours.

SCENE X. *Lucklefs, Mrs. Moneywood.*

Money. Well, Mr. *Lucklefs*, you are a comical Man, to give one such a Character to a Stranger.

Luck.

Luck. The Company is gone, Madam; and now, like true Man and Wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please.

Money. Abuse me as you will, so you pay me, Sir.

Luck. S' Death! Madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, Sir, I do not ask it before it is due — I don't question your Payment at all: If you were to stay in my House this Quarter of a Year, as I hope you will, I shou'd not ask you for a Farthing.

Luck. Tol, lol, lol. — But I shall have her begin with her Passion immediately; and I had rather feel the highest Effects of her Rage, than the lightest of her Love.

Money. But why did you chuse to surprize me with my Money? why did you not tell me you'd pay me?

Luck. Why have I not told you!

Money. Yes, you told me of a Play and Stuff: But you never told me you wou'd order a Gentleman to pay me. Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have Honesty in the Bottom, and I'm sure the Gentleman himself will own I gave you that Character.

Luck. Oh! — I smell you now — You see, Madam, I am better than my Word to you; did he pay it you in Gold or Silver?

Money. All pure Gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of Silver within; will you do me the favour of taking it in Silver? that may be of use to you in the Shop too.

Money. Any thing to oblige you, Sir!

Luck. Jack, bring out the great Bag number One. Please to tell the Money, Madam, on that Table.

Money. [*Tells the Money.*] It's easily told — Heaven knows there's not so much on't.

Enter Jack.

[*When Jack enters, Luckless gets between Mrs. Money-wood and the Table.*]

Jack. Sir, the Bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck.

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Luck. Why then, come and help to thrust a heavier Bag out.

Money. What do you mean, Sir?

Luck. Only to pay you in my Bedchamber.

Money. Villain, Dog, I'll swear a Robbery and have you hang'd: Rogues, Villains!

Luck. [*Shuts the Door.*] Be as noisy as you please.—
Jack, call a Coach, and d'ye hear, get up behind it and attend me.

The End of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Lucklefs, Marplay, Sparkish.

LUCKLESS [*Reads.*]

THEN hence my Sorrows, hence my ev'ry Fear;
No matter where, so we are bless'd together.
With thee, the barren Rocks, where not one step
Of human Race lies printed in the Snow,
Look lovely as the smiling Infant Spring.

Mar. [*Yawning.*] Will you please to read that again, Sir?

Luck. [*Reads again.*]

Mar. Then hence my Sorrow—Horror is a much better Word, in my Opinion—And then in the second Line—will you please to read it again.

Luck. No matter where, so we are bless'd together.

Mar. In my Opinion it wou'd be better so:

No matter where, so somewhere we're together.

Where is the Question, somewhere is the Answer—
Read on, Sir.

Luck. [*Reads on.*] With thee, &c.

Mar. I cou'd alter those Lines to a much better Idea.

With thee, the barren Blocks, [*That is Trees.*]
where not a bit

Of human Face is painted on the Bark,

Look green as *Covent-Garden* in the Spring.

Luck. Green as *Covent-Garden*!

Mar. Yes, *Covent-Garden Market*: where they sell
Greens.

Luck.

Luck. Monstrous! Sir, I must ask your Pardon, I cannot consent to such an Alteration. It is downright Nonsense.

Mar. [*Rising from the Table.*] Sir, it will not do — and so I wou'd not have you think any more of it.

Spark. No, no, no. It will not do.

Luck. What Faults do you find?

Mar. Sir, there is nothing in it that pleases me, so I am sure there is nothing in it that will please the Town.

Spark. There is nothing in it that will please the Town.

Luck. Methinks you shou'd find some particular Fault.

Mar. Truly, Sir, it is so full of Faults — that the Eye of my Judgment is so distracted with the Variety of Objects that it cannot fix on any.

Spark. No, no, no — cannot fix on any.

Mar. In short, there is not one good thing in it from the Beginning to the End.

Luck. Some who have read it think otherwise.

Mar. Let them think as they please — I'm sure we are the best Judges.

Spark. Yes, yes, we are the best Judges.

Luck. Cou'd you convince me of any Fault, I wou'd amend it: but you argue in Plays as the Pope does in Religion, or the *Aristotleists* in Philosophy; you maintain your Hypothesis by an *Ipse dicit*.

Mar. I don't understand your hard Words, Sir; but I think it is very hard if a Man who has been so long in a Trade as I have, shou'd not understand the Value of his Merchandize: shou'd not know what Goods will best please the Town. — Come —

Sparkish, will you go to *Toms*!

Luck. Fare ye well, Gentlemen: may another Play do you more Service.

C

SCENE

Luck.

SCENE II. Marplay, Sparkish.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha!

Spark. What dost think of the Play?

Mar. It may be a very good one, for ought I know; but I know the Author has no Interest.

Spark. Give me Interest, and rat the Play. —

Mar. Rather rat the Play which has no Interest. Interest sways as much in the Theatre as at Court. — And you know it is not always the Companion of Merit in either.

Spark. But pray, Mr. *Marplay*, what was the Reason of that extraordinary Demand of yours upon the Office? —

Mar. Truly, Sir, it was for the Good of the Office. — Some of it was given to Puffs, to cry up our new Plays — And one half Guinea to Mr. *Scribler* for a Panegyrical Essay in the News-Paper, with some other such Services. But have you seen my new Entertainment practised, *Cuckolds all a Row*?

Spark. No.

Mar. I will affirm this, that it is the best thing that has ever appear'd on the Stage — I don't know whether I shall not lay the Pit and Boxes together, at half a Guinea a Seat.

Spark. I wou'd not advise that: for the Town grumbles at our raising the Prices as we have done.

Mar. Rat the Town. — Let them grumble, I'm sure they will not stay away — For their Hisses — they have no more Effect on me than Musick wou'd have on an Owl — or the Curses of an undone Client on an Attorney — I have been us'd to them; and any Man who loves hissing may have his three Shillings worth at me whenever he pleases.

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Room in Mr. Bookweight's House.*

Dash, Blotpage, Quibble, writing at several Tables.

Dash. Pox on't, I'm as dull as an Ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me.—I have not din'd these two Days, and yet my Head is as heavy as any Alderman's or Lord's. I carry about me Symbols of all the Elements; my Head is as heavy as Water, my Pockets are light as Air, my Appetite is as hot as Fire, and my Coat is as dirty as Earth.

Blot. Lend me your *Bysshe*, Mr. *Dash*, I want a Rhime for Wind. —

Dash. Why there! blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and Mind — It is one of the easiest Terminations imaginable; I have had it four times in a Page.

Blot. Devil take the first Inventor of Rhiming I say. Your Business is much easier, Mr. *Dash*. Well, of all the Places in my Master's Gift — I shou'd most like to be Clerk of the Ghosts and Murders. You have nothing to do but to put a set of terrible Words together in the Title Page.

Dash. The Business is easy enough, but it is at a very low Ebb now. No, Mr. *Quibble* there, as Clerk of the Libels, wou'd have the best Place, were it not that few Men ever sat in his Chair long without standing on an odd sort of a Stool in the Street, to be gap'd at an Hour or two by the Mob.

Quib. We act on different Principles, Mr. *Dash*; 'tis your Business to promise more than you perform, and mine to promise less.

Blot. Pshaw! thy Business is to perform nothing at all.

Dash. It becomes an Author to be Diffusive in his Title Page. A Title Page is to a Book, what a fine Neck is to a Woman — Therefore ought to be the most regarded, as it is the Part which is view'd before the Purchase.

[A Song.

SCENE IV. *To them, Bookweight.*

Book. Fie upon it Gentlemen! what, not at your Pens? Do you consider, Mr. *Quibble*, that it is above a Fortnight since your Letter from a Friend in the Country was publish'd. — Is it not high time for an Answer to come out — at this rate, before your Answer is Printed your Letter will be forgot — I love to keep a Controversy up warm — I have had Authors who have writ a Pamphlet in the Morning, answered it in the Afternoon, and compromised the matter at Night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible.

Book. Well, Mr. *Dash*, have you done that Murder yet?

Dash. Yes, Sir, the Murder is done — I am only about a few moral Reflections to place before it.

Book. Very well — then let me have the Ghost finish'd by this Day Sevensnight.

Dash. What sort of a Ghost wou'd you have, Sir? the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. — Mr. *Blotpage*, what have your Lucubrations produc'd? — [reads.] Poetical Advice to a certain — from a certain — on a certain — from a certain — Very good! I will say, Mr. *Blotpage* writes as good a Dash as any Man in Europe.

SCENE V. *To them, Index.*

So, Mr. *Index*, what News with you?

Ind. I have brought my Bill, Sir.

Book. What's here? — for adapting the Motto of *Risum teneatis Amici* to a dozen Pamphlets — at Six Pence per each — Six Shillings.

For *Omnia vincit amor & nos cedamus Amori* — Six Pence. For *Difficile est Satyram non scribere* — Six

Pence

my

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Pence. Hum, hum, hum — ah — a Sum Total, for Thirty Six *Latin* Mottos, *Eighteen Shillings*; ditto *English* Seven, *One Shilling* and *Nine Pence*; ditto *Greek* Four, *One Shilling*. Why, Friend, are your *Latin* Mottos dearer than your *Greek*?

Ind. Yes marry are they, Sir: for as no body now understands *Greek*, so I may use any Sentence in that Language, to whatsoever purpose I please.

Book. You shall have your Money immediately: and pray remember that I must have two *Latin* Sedition Mottos, and one *Greek* Moral Motto, for Pamphlets, by To-morrow Morning.

Quib. I want two *Latin* Sentences Sir, one for Page the Fourth, in the Praise of Virtue; and the other for Page the Tenth, in the Praise of Beauty.

Book. Let me have those too.

Ind. Sir, I shall take care to provide them.

SCENE VI. Bookweight, Dash, Blotpage, Quibble, Scarecrow.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a Libel against the Ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take any thing against them (for I have two in the Press already.) [*Aside.*]

Scare. Then, Sir, I have another in Defence of them.

Book. Sir, I never take any thing in Defence of Power.

Scare. I have a Translation of *Virgil's Æneid*, with Notes on it.

Book. That, Sir, is what I do not care to venture on — you may try by Subscription, if you please: but I wou'd not advise you: for that Bubble is almost down: People begin to be afraid of Authors, since they have writ and acted like Stock-Jobbers. So to oblige a young Beginner, I don't care if I Print it at my own Expence.

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Scare. But pray, Sir, at whose Expence shall I eat?

Book. That's an empty Question.

Scare. It comes from an empty Stomach, I'm sure.

Book. From an empty Head, I'm afraid. Are there not a thousand ways for a Man to get his Bread by?

Scare. I wish you wou'd put me into one.

Book. Why then, Sir, I wou'd advise you to come and take your Seat at my Tables. Here will be every thing that is necessary provided for you. I am as great a Friend to Learning as the *Dutch* are to Trade. — No one can want Bread with me, who will earn it. Besides, a Translator will be of use to me: for my last is in *Newgate* for Shoplifting. The Rogue had gotten a trick of translating out of the Shops as well as out of the Languages.

Scare. I prefer any thing to starving.

Book. Then, Sir, if you please to throw by your Hat, which you will have no more use for, and take up your Pen.

Scare. But, Sir, I am afraid I am not qualified for a Translator.

Book. How, not qualified!

Scare. No, Sir: I understand no Language but my own.

Book. What, and translate *Virgil*?

Scare. Alas, Sir, I translated him out of *Dryden*.

Book. Not qualified! — If I was an Emperor thou should'st be my Prime Minister. Thou art as well vers'd in thy Trade, as if thou had'st labour'd in my Garret these ten Years. — Let me tell you, Friend, you will have more occasion for Invention than Learning here: you will be sometimes obliged to translate Books out of all Languages (especially *French*) which were never Printed in any Language whatsoever.

Scare. Your Trade abounds in Mysteries.

Book. The Study of Bookselling is as difficult as the Law, — and there are as many Tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a Foreign Name to our own Labour

Labour — and sometimes we put our own Names to the Labour of others. Then as the Lawyers have *John-a-Nokes* and *Tom-a-Stiles*, so we have Messieurs *Moore* near *St. Paul's*, and *Smith* near the *Royal Exchange*.

SCENE VII. To them, Luckles.

Luck. Mr. *Bookweight*, your Servant. Who can form to himself an Idea more amiable than of a Man at the Head of so many Patriots working for the Benefit of their Country?

Book. Truly, Sir, I believe it is an Idea more agreeable to you — than that of a Gentleman in the *Crown-Office* paying thirty or forty Guineas for abusing an honest Tradesman.

Luck. Pshaw, that was only jocosely done, and a Man who lives by Wit, must not be angry at a Jest; besides, the Law has been your Enemy — and you wou'd not fly to an Enemy for Succour.

Book. Sir, I will use my Enemy as I wou'd my Friend, for my own Ends: But pray, Sir, what has brought you hither? If you have a mind to compromise the Matter, I had rather have a little of your Money, than that the Lawyers shou'd have a great deal.

Luck. Hast thou dealt in Paper so long, and talk of Money to a modern Author? You might as well have talk'd *Latin* or *Greek* to him. I have brought you Paper, Sir.

Book. That is not bringing me Money, I own — but it shall not be taking away Money, Sir, for I will have nothing to do with your Paper or you either.

Luck. Why pr'ythee, Man, I have not brought you a Play — nor a Sermon.

Book. Have you brought me an Opera?

Luck. You may call it an Opera if you will, but I call it a Puppet-Show.

Book. A Puppet-Show!

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Luck. Ay, a Puppet-Show, and is to be play'd this Night in the *Haymarket* Play-House.

Book. A Puppet-Show in a Play-House!

Luck. What have been all the Play-Houses a long time but Puppet-Shows?

Book. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at least, I had rather venture on a thing of that nature, than a regular Play — so if you please to come in, if I can make a Bargain with you I will — Gentlemen, you may go to Dinner.

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Enter Jack-Pudding, Drummer and Mob. The Drum ceasing.

Har. This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen, Ladies and others — that at the Play-House opposite to the Opera in the *Haymarket*, this Evening will be perform'd the whole Puppet-Show call'd *The Pleasures of the Town*; in which will be shewn the whole Court of Dulness, with abundance of Singing and Dancing, and several other Entertainments — also the Comical and diverting Humours of Some-body, and No-body: *Punch* and his Wife *Joan*, to be perform'd by living Figures — some of them Six foot high — beginning exactly at Seven a Clock. God save the King. [Drum beats.]

SCENE IX. *Witmore with a Paper, Luckless meeting.*

Wit. Oh! *Luckless*, I am overjoy'd at meeting you — here, take this Paper, and you will be discourag'd from Writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it? — Oh! one of my Play-Bills.

Wit. One of thy Play-Bills!

Luck. Even so, Sir! — I have taken the Advice you gave me this Morning. *Wit.*

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Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this Puppet-Show of mine to be Rehears'd, and the Actors were all perfect in their Parts; but we happen'd to dissent about some Particulars, and I had a design to have given it over; 'till having my Play refus'd by *Marplay* and *Sparkish*, I sent for the Managers of the House in a Passion, join'd Issue with them, and this very Evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well — I wish you Success. —

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Any where but to hear you damn'd, which I must, if I were to go to your Puppet-Show — I tell you the Town is prejudic'd against you, and they will damn you, whether you deserve it or no. — If they shou'd laugh till they burst — the moment they knew you were the Author — they wou'd change their Faces, and swear they never laugh'd at all.

Luck. Pshaw, I can't believe thee.

Wit. 'Sdeath! I have heard Sense run down, and seen Idiotism, downright Idiotism triumph so often, that I cou'd almost think of Wit and Folly as Mr. *Hobbes* does of Moral Good and Evil, that there are no such Things.

Luck. Well, indulge me in this Trial — and I assure thee if it be successless it shall be the last.

Wit. On that Condition I will — but shou'd the Torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable Friend, and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a Man who cou'd do so unfashionable and so generous a thing, as Mr. *Witmore* did this Morning. —

Wit. In return, will you grant me a Favour?

Luck. Do you doubt it?

Wit. Never mention it to me more — I will now to the Pit. —

Luck. And I behind the Scenes.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Mrs. Honeywood's.**Mrs. Honeywood, and Harriot.*

Har. It is very hard, Madam, that you will not suffer me at least to indulge my self in Grief; that it is not enough to tear me from the Man I love, but I must have my Ears eternally curst with hearing him abused—

Mrs. Mon. Oh monstrous! Love a Puppet-Show Fellow!

Har. His Misfortunes may lessen him in the Eye of the World: But they shall never lessen him in mine. Nay, I love him for them.

Mrs. Mon. You have not a drop of my Blood in you. Love a Man for his Misfortune!—Huffy, to be poor and unfortunate are Crimes — Riches are the only Recommendations to People of Sense of both Sexes, and a Coach and Six is one of the *Cardinal Virtues*.

Har. I despise it, and the Fool who was born to it. No, give me the Man, who, thrown naked upon the World, like my dear *Lucklefs*, can make his way through it by his Merit and virtuous Industry.

Mrs. Mon. Virtuous Industry! A very virtuous, industrious Gentleman, truly. He hath robbed me of a few Guineas To-day or so — but he is a very virtuous Man no doubt.

Har. He hath only borrowed what you know he will repay: — you know he is honest.

Mrs. Mon. I am no more satisfied of his Honesty than you can be of his Love.

Har. Which I am sure he hath given me sufficient Proofs of.

Mrs. Mon. Proofs! Oh the Villain! Hath he given you Proofs of Love?

Har. All that a modest Woman can require.

Mrs. Mon. If he hath given you all a modest Woman

man can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest Woman should take: Because he hath been so good a Lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the Family to keep: It is probable I may live to see half a dozen Grandsons of mine in *Grubstreet*.

Enter Jack.

So, Rascal, what's become of your Master?

Jack. Oh, Madam! I am frightened out of my Wits.

Mon. } What's the matter?

Har. }

Jack. There's the strangest sort of Man below enquiring after my Master, that ever was seen.

Mon. What, I suppose a sort of Bailiff?

Jack. Oh! Madam, I fancy it is the Man in the Moon, or some Monster — there are five hundred People at the Door looking at him — he is dressed up in nothing but Ruffles and Cabbage Nets.

Mon. This is either some Trick of his to catch me, or some Trick of a Bailiff to catch him — However, I'll go sift out the bottom of it. Come, shew me where he is.

Har. Heav'ns protect my dear *Luckleys*.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Play-House.

Enter Luckless as Master of the Show, and Player.

Mast. IT'S very surprizing, that after I have been at all this Expence and Trouble to set up my Things in your House, you should desire me to Recant; and now too, when the Spectators are all assembled, and will either have the Show or their Money.

Play. It is beneath the Dignity of the Stage.

Mast. That may be, so is all Farce, and yet you see a Farce brings more Company to a House than the best Play that ever was writ — For this Age would allow *Tom Durfey* a better Poet than *Congreve* or *Wycherly*; who would not then rather Eat by his Nonsense, than Starve by his Wit — The Lodgings of Wits have long been in the Air, and Air must be their Food now-a-days.

Play. I am not the first indeed that has disgrac'd the Stage.

Mast. And I heartily wish you may be the last, and that my Puppet-Show may expell Farce and Opera, as they have done Tragedy and Comedy.

Play. But hark you Friend, how came you to call this Performance of yours a Puppet-Show?

Mast. You must know, Sir, that it was originally design'd to be play'd by real Puppets, till a Friend of mine observing the Success of some things in Town, advis'd me to bring it on the Stage. I had offer'd it to the old House, but they say nothing but your fine
Sense

The Pleasures of the Town.

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Sense, such Plays as *Cæsar* in *Ægypt*, will go down there.

Play. But what is the Design or Plot? for I could make neither Head nor Tail of it, for my part.

Maft. Why Sir, the Goddess of *Nonsense* is to fall in Love with the Ghost of Signior *Opera*.

Play. Fall in Love with a Ghost, ha, ha, ha!

Maft. Ay Sir — You must know that the Scene is laid on the other side of the *River Styx*, so all the People of the Play are Ghosts.

Play. This Marrying of Ghosts is a new Doctrine, Friend.

Maft. So much the likelier to please — Tho' I can't say but I took the hint of this Thing from the old House, who observing that every one could not see the real Coronation brought a Representation of it upon their Stage — So Sir, since every one has not Time or Opportunity to visit all the Diversions of the Town, I have brought most of them together in one — But come, it is time to begin. I think we will have an Overture, tho' ours be not a regular Opera.

Play. By all means an Overture.

Maft. If you please, Sir, you shall sit down by me. Play away.

Maft. Gentlemen, the first thing I present you with is *Punchinello*.

[*The Curtain drawn discovers Punch in a great Chair.*

Punch Sings.

A I R I. Whilst the Town's brimfull of Folly.

*Whilst the Town's brimfull of Farces,
Flocking whilst we see her Asses
Thick as Grapes upon a Bunch,
Criticks, whilst you smile on Madness,
And more stupid, solemn Sadness;
Sure you will not frown on Punch.*

Maft.

Maſt. The next is *Punch's Wife Joan.*

Enter Joan.

Joan. What can ail my Husband? he is continually humming Tunes, tho' his Voice be only fit to warble at *Hogg's Norton*, where the Piggs would accompany it with Organs. I was in hopes Death would have ſtopp'd his Mouth at laſt — But he keeps his old harmonious Humour even in the Shades.

Punch. Be not angry, dear *Joan*; *Orpheus* obtain'd his Wife from the Shades, by charming *Pluto* with his Muſick.

Joan. Sirrah, Sirrah, ſhould *Pluto* hear you Sing you could expect no leſs Punishment than *Tantalus* has, — Nay the Waters would be brought above your Mouth, to ſtop it.

Punch. Truly, Madam, I don't wiſh the ſame Succeſs *Orpheus* met with; could I gain my own Liberty — the Devil might have you with all my Heart.

A I R II.

*Joan, Joan, Joan, has a Thundring Tongue,
And Joan, Joan, Joan, is a bold one.*

How happy is he,

Who from Wedlock is free:

For who'd have a Wife to Scold one?

Joan. *Punch, Punch, Punch, pr'ythee think of your
Hunch,*

Pr'ythee look at your great ſtrutting Belly:

Sirrah, if you dare

War with me declare,

I will beat your fat Gutts to a Jelly.

[Here they Dance.]

A I R

A I R III. *Bobbing Joan.*

Pun. *Joan, you are the Plague of my Life,
A Rope would be welcomer than such a Wife.*

Joan. *Punch, your Merits had you but shar'd,
Your Neck had been longer by half a Yard:*

Pun. *Ugly Witch,*

Joan. *Son of a Bitch,*

Both. *Would you were hang'd or drown'd in a Ditch.*

[Here they Dance again.]

Pun. *Since we hate, like People in Vogue,
Let us call not Bitch and Rogue:*

*Gentler Titles let us use,
Hate each other, but not abuse.*

Joan. *Pretty Dear!*

Pun. *Ah! Ma Chere!*

Both. *Joy of my Life and only Care.*

[Dance and Exeunt.]

Mastr. Gentlemen, the next is *Charon* and a Poet;
they are disputing about an Affair pretty common
with Poets——Going off without paying.

Enter Charon and a Poet.

Char. Never tell me Sir, I expect my Fare——I
wonder what Trade these Authors drive in the other
World: I would with as good a will see a Soldier a-
board my Boat. A tatter'd Red-coat, and a tatter'd
Black one have bilk'd me so often, that I am resolv'd
never to take either of them up again——unless I
am paid before-hand.

Poet. What a wretched thing it is to be Poor——
My Body lay a Fortnight in the other World before it
was Buried.—And this Fellow has kept my Spirit a
Month, sunning himself on the other side the River,
because

because my Pockets were empty — Wilt thou be so kind as to shew me the Way to the Court of *Nonsense*.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! the Court of *Nonsense*! why pray Sir, what have you to do there? these Rags look more like the Dress of one of *Apollo's* People, than of *Nonsense's*.

Poet. Why Fellow, didst thou never carry Rags to *Nonsense*?

Char. Truly Sir, I cannot say but I have, but it is a long time ago, I assure you; if you are really bound thither, I'll set your Name down in my Pocket-Book, and I don't question your Honour's Payment — *Nonsense* is the best Deity to me in the Shades — Look at that Account, Sir.

Poet. [*Reads.*] Spirits imported for the Goddess of *Nonsense*, since *October*, in the Year — Five People of great Quality — Seven ordinary Courtiers — Nineteen Attorneys — Eleven Counsellors — Twenty six Justices of the Peace; and one hundred Presbyterian Parsons — These Courtiers and People of Quality pay swingingly, I suppose.

Char. Not always; I have wasted over many a Spirit in a Lac'd Coat, who has been forc'd to leave it with me.

Maft. Gentlemen, the next is one of *Charon's* Men with a Prisoner.

Enter Sailor, and a Sexton:

Char. How now?

Sail. We have caught the Rogue at last — This is Mr. *Robgrave* the Sexton, who has plundered so many Spirits.

Char. Are you come at last, Sir? what have you to say for your self — ha! what's become of all the Jewels and other valuable Things you have stolen? where are they, Sirrah, ha!

Sext.

Sex. Alack-a-day, I am an unfortunate poor Rogue; the Church-Wardens and Clerks have had them all, I had only a small Reward for stealing them.

Char. Then you shall have another Reward here, Sir. Carry him before Justice *Minos* immediately — Away with him. [*Ex. Sailor and Sexton.*]

Poet. Who knows whether this Rogue has not Robb'd me too. — I forgot to look in upon my Body before I came away.

Char. Had you any thing of Value buried with you?

Poet. Things of Inestimable Value; six Folio's of my own Works.

Mast. Most Poets of this Age will have their Works buried with them.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. There is a great Number of Passengers arriv'd from *England*, all bound to the Court of *Nonsense*.

Char. Some Plague I suppose, or a fresh Cargo of Physicians come to Town from the Universities — Or perhaps a War broke out.

Sail. No, no! these are all Authors, and a War never sends any of them hither.

Mast. Now, Gentlemen, I shall produce such a Set of Figures as I may defy all *Europe*, except our own Play-houses, to equal — Come, put away.

Enter Don Tragedio, Sir Farcical Comick, Dr. Orator, Signior Opera, Mounfieur Pantomine, and Mrs. Novell.

Poet. Ha! *Don Tragedio*, your most obedient Servant. *Sir Farcical* — *Dr. Orator*, I am heartily glad to see you — Dear *Signior Opera* — *Mounfieur Pantomine* — *Mrs. Novell* in the Shades too! what lucky Distemper can have sent so much good Company hither?

Trag. A Tragedy occasioned me to die; That perishing the first day, so did I.

D

Farc.

The Pleasures of the Town.

Part. An Entertainment sent me out of the World.
— My Life went out in a Hiss — Stap my Breath.

A I R IV. *Silvia*, my Dearest.

Oper. Claps universal,
Applauses resounding;
Hisses confounding
Attending my Song:
My Senses drowned,
And I fell down Dead;
Whilst I was Singing, Ding, dang, dong.

Poet. Well Mounseur Pantomine, how came you by your Fate?

Pantom. [Makes Signs to his Neck.]

Poet. Broke his Neck: Alas poor Gentleman! —
And you Madam Novell?

Nov. Minie was a hard Case indeed.

A I R V. 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

Oh! Pity all a Maiden,
Condemn'd hard Fates to prove;
I rather would have laid-in,
Then thus have dy'd for Love!
'Twas hard t' encounter Death a,
Before the Bridal Bed;
Ah! would I had kept my Breath a,
And lost my Maiden-head.

Poet. Poor Lady!

Mast. 'Twas a hard Fate indeed, in this Age.

Char. Well, my Masters, I wish you well. I must take leave of you. If you follow that Path you'll arrive at the Court of Nonsense. [Exit Charon.

Poet. Gentlemen, if you please I'll shew you the Way. [Exeunt.

Mast.

The Pleasures of the Town.

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Maft. The next, Gentlemen, is a Blackamore Lady, who comes to present you with a Saraband and Castanets.

[*A Dance.*

Maft. Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I shall produce a Bookseller who is the prime Minister of *Nonsense*, and the Poet.

Enter Bookseller, and Poet.

Poet. 'Tis strange, 'tis wondrous strange!

Book. And yet 'tis true — Did you observe her Eyes?

Poet. Her Ears rather, for there she took the Infection. She saw the *Signior's* Visage in his Voice.

Book. Did you not mark, how she melted when he Sung?

Poet. I saw her like another *Dido* ——— I saw her Heart rise up to her Eyes, and drop down again to her Ears.

Book. That a Woman of so much Sense as the Goddess of *Nonsense*, should be taken thus at first Sight! I have serv'd her faithfully these thirty Years as a Bookseller in the upper World, and never knew her guilty of one Folly before.

Poet. Nay certainly, Mr. *Curry*, you know as much of her, as any Man.

Book. I think I ought, I am sure I have made as large Oblations to her, as all *Warwick-Lane* and *Pater-Noster-Row*.

Poet. But is she, this Night, to be married to *Signior Opera*?

Book. This is to be the Bridal Night ——— Well, this will be the strangest Thing that has hapned in the Shades, since the Rape of *Proserpine* ——— But now I think on't, what News bring you from the other World?

Poet. Why Affairs go much in the same Road there as when you were alive, Authors starve and Booksellers grow fat, *Grub-Street* harbours as many Pirates as ever *Algiers* did ——— They have more Theatres than are at

Paris, and just as much Wit as there is at *Amsterdam*; they have ranfack'd all *Italy* for Singers, and all *France* for Dancers.

Book. And all Hell for Conjurers.

Poet. My Lord-Mayor has shorten'd the Time of *Bartholomew* Fair in *Smithfield*, and so they are resolv'd to keep it all the Year round at the other End of the Town.

Book. I find Matters go swimmingly; but I fancy I am wanted; if you please, Sir, I will shew you the way.

Poet. Sir, I follow you.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Joan, Lady King-call, Mrs. Glas-ring, and Mrs. Cheat-em.

Joan. I ask Leave.

All. With you, Madam.

Joan. Clubs, and the King of Hearts.

Glasf. Sure never was any thing so provoking as this; you always put me out of a great Game.

[*They play*.]

Lady King. There's your King, Madam; you have call'd very luckily this Time.—— *Spadille*, there's *Basto*; we have won our Game.

Joan. I say nothing.

King. I'll play it.

Glasf. Then you have lost it; there is the best Diamond.

Joan. Was ever such Play seen? I wou'd not play with *Lady King-call*, for Farthings.

King. I have seen your Ladyship make greater Mistakes.

Joan. I wish you'd name when, Madam.

King. I have not so good a Memory, Madam.

Joan. I am sorry for it, Madam, for you seem to want one; it might be of use to you.

King

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King. I wish you had a better, Madam, it might be of use to Others.

Joan. What do you mean, Madam?

King. I mean, that you owe me a Guinea.

Joan. I believe, Madam, you forget you owe me two.

King. Madam, I deny it.

Joan. And I deny yours.

Glass. } Oh fye, Ladies!

Cheat. }

King. It's happy for your Enemies, that your Ladyship's Character is so well known.

Joan. It would become any body to say so, better than you. — I never stole China.

King. You are an impudent Sow.

Joan. You are an old ugly Sow, and I'll make you know it
[*They fight.*]

Enter Punch.

Punch. Have I caught you, Madam? I'll put an End to your *Quadrille*, I am resolv'd. — Get you home, Strumpet. And you are the fine Ladies who bring her to this. — I'll drive all of you.

[*Kicks them out, and over-turns the Table.*]

Mast. Very uncivilly done, truly, Master *Punch*.

Punch. Uncivilly! why, Sir, since this Game of *Quadrille* has been in Fashion, she has never look'd after my Family; she does nothing but Eat, Drink, Sleep, Dress, and play at *Quadrille*.

A I R VI. To you Fair Ladies.

To all you Husbands, and you Wives,

This Punchinello sings;

For Reformation of your Lives,

This good Advice he brings;

That if you would avoid all Ill,

You shou'd leave off the dear Quadrille.

No

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No Tyrant on the Earth, his Slaves
 With greater Terrour awes;
 With Force more absolute behaves,
 Nor gives severer Laws;
 Unequal tho' his Taxes fall,
 They're with a Smile receiv'd by all.

How many Beauties, rich in Charms,
 Are subject to his Will!
 The Bride, when in the Bridegroom's Arms,
 Still thinks on dear Quadrille:
 Her Spouse her Body may enroll,
 Quadrille is Master of her Soul.

The China People (Sailors say)
 When they have lost their Pence,
 Their Family and Selves will play;
 Heav'n keep that Custom hence!
 For Beauties of the first Degree,
 May so be Slaves to some Marquis. [Exit Punch.

Maſt. Gentlemen, the next Figures are *Some-body*
 and *No-body*, who come to present you with a Dance.

Enter *Some-body*, and *No-body*.

They Dance.

AIR VII. Black Joke.

Some. Of all the Men in London Town,
 Or Knaves, or Fools, in Coat, or Gown
 The Representative am I:
 No. Go thro' the World, and you will find,
 In all the Classes of Human-kind,
 Many a jolly No-body.

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For him, a No-body, sure we may call,
Who during his Life does nothing at all,
But Eat, and Snore,
And Drink, and Roar,
From Whore to the Tavern, from Tavern to Whore,
With a lac'd Coat, and that is all.

Maft. Gentlemen, this is the End of the first Interlude.



Maft. Now, Gentlemen, I shall present you with the most glorious Scene that has ever appear'd on the Stage; it is *The Court of Nonsense*. Play away, soft Musick; and draw up the Curtain.

The Curtain drawn up to Soft Musick, discovers the Goddess of Nonsense on a Throne; the Orator, in a Tub; Tragedio, &c. attending.

Nonf. Let all my Votaries prepare
To celebrate this joyful Day.

Maft. Gentlemen, observe what a Lover of *Recitativo, Nonsense* is.

Nonf. Monsieur *Pantomine*! you are welcome.

Pant. [Cuts a Caper.]

Nonf. Alas, poor Gentleman! he is modest; you may speak; no Words offend, that have no Wit in them.

Maft. Why, Madam *Nonsense*, don't you know that Monsieur *Pantomine* is dumb? — and yet, let me tell you, he has been of great Service to you, — he is the only One of your Votaries that sets People asleep

without Talking. But here's *Don Tragedio* will make Noise enough.

Trag. Yes, *Tragedio* is indeed my Name,
Long since recorded in the Rolls of Fame,
At *Lincolns-Inn*, and eke at *Drury-Lane*.
Let everlasting Thunder sound my Praise,
And forked Light'ning in my Scutchcon blaze;
To *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Dryden*, *Lee*, or *Rowe*,
I not a Line, no, not a Thought, do owe.
Me, for my Novelty, let all adore,
For, as I wrote, none ever wrote before.

Nonf. Thou art doubly welcome, welcome.

Trag. That Welcome, yes, that Welcome is my
Duc,

Two Tragedies I wrote, and wrote for you;
And, had not Hisses, Hisses me dismay'd,
By this, I'd writ Two-score, Two-score, by Jay'd.

Mast. By Jay'd! ay, that's another Excellence of
the Don's; he does not only glean up all the Bad
Words of other Authors, but makes new Bad Words
of his own.

Sir Farc. Nay, i'gad, I have made New Words,
and spoil'd Old ones too, if you talk of that; I have
made Foreigners break *English*, and Englishmen break
Latin.——I have as great a Confusion of Lan-
guages in my Play, as was at the Building of *Babel*.

Mast. And so much the more extraordinary, because
the Author understands no Language at all.

Sir Farc. No Language at all!——Stap my Vi-
tals.

Mast. But, *Sir Farcical*, I hear you had once an In-
tention to introduce a Set of Marrow-bones and Clea-
vers upon the Stage.

Sir Farc. 'Tis true: And I did produce one Bone,
but it stuck so confoundedly in the Stomach of the
Audience, that I was obliged to drop the Project.

Nonf. Dr. Orator, I have heard of you.

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Orat. Ay, and you might have heard me too, I bawl'd loud enough, I'm sure.

Mast. She might have heard you — But if she had understood your Advertisements, I will believe *Nonsense* to have more Understanding than *Apollo*.

Orat. Have understood me, Sir! what has Understanding to do? My Hearers would be diverted, and they are so, — which could not be, if Understanding were necessary, — because very few of them have any.

Nonf. You've all deserv'd my hearty Thanks, — but here my Treasure I bestow. [To Signior Opera.

A I R VIII. Lillibolera.

Op. Let the foolish Philosopher strive in his Cell,
By Wisdom, or Virtue, to merit true Praise;
The Soldier in Hardship and Danger still dwell,
That Glory and Honour may crown his last Days;
The Patriot sweat,
To be thought Great;
Or Beauty all Day at the Looking-glass toil;
That popular Voices
May ring their Applauses,
While a Breath is the only Reward of their Coil.

But would you a wise Man to Action incite,
Be Riches propos'd the Reward of his Pain,
In Riches is center'd all Humane Delight;
No Joy is on Earth, but what Gold can obtain.
If Women, Wine,
Or Grandeur fine,
Be most your Delight, all these Riches can;
Would you have Men to flatter?
To be Rich is the Matter;
When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

Nonf. [Repeating in an Ecstasy.]

When you cry he is Rich, you cry a Great Man.

Braviss.

Bravissimo! I long to be your Wife.

Novel. If all my Romances ever pleas'd the Ear of my Goddess — if I ever found Favour in her Sight — oh, do not rob me thus!

Nonf. What means my Daughter?

Novel. Alas, he is my Husband!

Curry. But tho' he were your Husband in the other World, Death solves that Tye, and he is at Liberty now to take another; and I never knew any one Instance of a Husband here, who would take the same Wife again.

AIR IX. Whilst I gaze on *Gloe* trembling,

Novel. May all Maids from me take Warning,

*How a Lover's Arms they fly:
Lest the first kind Offer scorning,
They, without a Second, dye.*

*How unhappy is my Passion!
How tormenting is my Pain!
If you thwart my Inclination,
Let me die for Love again.*

Curry. Again! What, did you die for Love of your Husband?

Novel. He knows he ought to have been so. — He swore he would be so. — Yes, he knows I dy'd for Love, for I dy'd in Child-bed.

Orat. Why, Madam, did you not tell me all the Road hither, that you was a Virgin?

AIR X. Highland Laddy.

*I was told, in my Life,
Death, for ever,
Did dis sever
Men from ev'ry mortal Strife,
And that greatest Plague, a Wife.*

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*For had the Priests possess'd Mer,
That to Tartarus
Wives came after us,
Their Devil wou'd be a Jest then,
And our Devil a Wife.*

Nons. Avaunt, polluted Wretch! begone;
Think not I'll take Pollution to my Arms,
No, no, — no, no, — no, no, no.

Oper. Well, since I can't have a Goddess, I'll e'en
prove a Man of Honour. — I was always in love with
thee, my Angel.

Novel. Now I am happy, verily.

Oper. My long-lost Dear!

Novel. My new-found Bud!

AIR XI. Dusty Millar.

*Will my charming Creature
Once again receive me?
Tho' I prov'd a Traytor,
Will she still believe me?
I will well repay thee,
For past Faults of Roving,
Nor shall any Day be
Without Proofs of Loving.*

*On that tender lilly Breast
Whilest I lye panting,
Both together blest,
Both with Transports fainting,
Sure no Human Hearts
Were ever so delighted!
Death, which others parts,
Hath our Souls united.*

AIR

A I R XII. Over the Hills and far away.

Op. *Were I laid on Scotland's Coast,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Dear,
Let Scrubado do its most,
I would know no Grief or Fear.*

Nov. *Were we cast on Ireland's Soil,
There confin'd in Bogs to dwell,
For thee Potatoes I would boil,
No Irish Spouse shou'd feast so well.*

Op. *And tho' we scrubb'd it all the Day,*
Nov. *We'd kifs, and hug the Night away;*
Op. *Scotch and Irish both shou'd say,*
Both. *Oh, how blest! how blest are they!*

Orat. Since my Goddess is disengag'd from one Lover, may the humblest, yet not the least diligent of her Servants, hope she wou'd smile on him?

Mast. Master Orator, you had best try to charm the Goddess with an Oration.

Orat. The History of a Fiddle and a Fiddlestick is going to be held forth.

A Fiddle is a Statesman: why? Because it's hollow. A Fiddlestick is a Drunkard: why? Because it loves Ros'ning.

Mast. Gentlemen, observe how he ballances his Hands; his Left hand is the Fiddle, and his Right hand is the Fiddlestick.

Orat. A Fiddle is like a Beau's-Nose, because the Bridge is often down; a Fiddlestick is like a Mountebank, because it plays upon a Crowd. — A Fiddle is like a Stockjobber's Tongue, because it sounds different Notes; and a Fiddlestick is like a Stockjobber's Whig, because it has a great deal of Horsehair in it.

Mast.

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Maſt. And your Oration is like your ſelf; becauſe it has a great deal of Nonſenſe in it.

Nonſ. In vain you try to Charm my Ears, unleſs by Muſick.

Orat. Have at you then.

Maſt. Gentlemen, obſerve how the Doctor ſings in his Tub—here are no Wires—all alive, alive, ho!

Orat. Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Moll Pately*.

A I R XIII. *Moll Pately.*

*All Men are Birds by Nature, Sir,
Tho' they have not Wings to fly ;
On Earth a Soldier's a Creature, Sir,
Much reſembling a Kite in the Sky ;
The Phyſician is a Fowl, Sir,
Whom moſt Men call an Owl, Sir,
Who by his Hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that Death is nigh.*

*The Uſurer is a Swallow, Sir,
That can ſwallow Gold by the Jorum ;
A Woodcock is Squire Shallow, Sir ;
And a Goſe is oſt of the Quorum :
The Gameſter is a Rook, Sir ;
The Lawyer, with his Coke, Sir,
Is but a Raven,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, croaking,
Croaking, Croaking,
After the ready Rhinorum.*

*Young Virgins are ſcarce as Rails, Sir ;
Plenty as Batts the Night-walkers go ;
Soft Italians are Nightingales, Sir,
And a Cock-Sparrow mimicks a Beau :*

Like

The Pleasures of the Town.

*Like Birds Men are to be Caught, Sir,
Like Birds Men are to be Bought, Sir :*

*Men of a Side,
Like Birds of a Feather,
Will flock together,
Will flock together,*

Both Sexes like Birds will — too.

Nonf. 'Tis all in vain.

Trag. Is *Nonsense* of me then forgetful grown,
And must the Signior be prefer'd alone?

Is it for this, for this, ye Gods! that I
Have in one Scene made some Folks laugh, some cry?
For this does my low blust'ring Language creep,
At once to wake you, and to make you sleep?

Sir Far. And so all my Puns, and Quibbles, and Conundrums are quite forgotten, stap my Vitals; but surely your Goddessship will remember a certain thing call'd a *Pastoral*.

Or. More Chimes of the Times, to the Tune of *Rogues, Rogues, Rogues.*

A I R XIV. There was a jovial Beggar.

*The Stone that all things turns at will
To Gold, the Chymist craves;
But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves.*

For a Cheating they will go, &c.

*The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
When on his Goods he lays*

*Too high a Price — but faith he's bit;
For a Courtier never pays.*

For a Cheating they will go, &c.

*The Lawyer, with a Face demure;
Hangs him who steals your Pelf;
Because the good Man can endure
No Robber but himself.*

For a Cheating, &c.

Betwixt

The Pleasures of the Town.

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*Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman
What Difference can there be?*

*Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
Both kill you for a Fee.*

For a Cheating, &c.

*The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
And to a Mistress goes,
While she at home, to ease her Life,
Carouses with the Beaus.*

For a Cheating, &c.

*The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
(So low this Art we find,)
The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
My Lord tricks all Mankind.*

For a Cheating, &c.

*One Sect there are to whose fair Lot
No cheating Arts do fall,
And those are Parsons call'd, God wot;
And so I cheat you all.*

For a Cheating, &c.

Enter Charon.

Char. An't please your Majesty, there is an odd sort of a Man o' t'other side the Water says he's recommended to you by some People of Quality. — Agad I don't care to take him aboard, not I, — he says his Name his *Hurloborumbo* — *rumbo* — *Hurloborumbolo*, I think he calls himself, he looks like one of *Apollo's* People in my Opinion, he seems to me mad enough to be a real Poet.

Nonf. Take him aboard.

Char. I had forgot to tell your Ladyship, I hear rare News, they say you are to be declared Goddess of Wit.

Curry. That's no News, Mr. *Charon*.

Char. Well, I'll take *Hurloborumbo* abroad.

[Exit Charon.]

Orat. I must win the Goddess before he arrives, or else I shall lose her for ever. — A Rap at the Times.

A I R

AIR XV. When I was a Dame of Honour.

*Come all who've heard my Cushion beat,
 Confess me as full of Dulness
 As any Egg is full of Meat,
 Or full Moon is of Fullness;
 Let the Justice and his Clerk both own,
 Than theirs my Dulness greater;
 And tell how I've harangu'd the Town,
 When I was a bold Orator.*

*The Lawyer wrangling at the Bar,
 While the Reverend Bench is dozing,
 The Scribler in a Pamphlet War,
 Or Grubstreet Bard composing;
 The trudging Quack in Scarlet Cloak,
 Or Coffee-house Politick Prater;
 Can none come up to what I have spoke,
 When I was a bold Orator.*

*The well-bred Courtier telling Lies,
 Or Levée Hunter believing;
 The vain Coquet that rolls her Eyes,
 More empty Fops deceiving;
 The Parson of dissenting Gang,
 Or flattering Dedicator,
 Could none of them like me Harangue,
 When I was a bold Orator.*

Enter Punch.

Punch. You, you, you.

Maſt. What's the matter, *Punch*?

Punch. Who is that?

Maſt. That's an Orator, *Maſter Punch*.

Punch. An Orator — What's that?

Maft. Why an Orator is, is agad I can't tell what; he is a Man that no body dares dispute with.

Punch. Say you so, I'll be with him presently. — Bring out my Tub there — I'll dispute with you, I'll warrant — I am a *Muggletonian*.

Orat. I am not.

Punch. Then you are not of my Opinion.

Orat. Sirrah, I know that you and your whole Tribe would be the Death of me; but I am resolved to proceed to confute you as I have done hitherto, and as long as I have Breath you shall hear me, and I hope I have Breath enough to blow you all out of the World.

Punch. If Noise will.

Orat. Sir, I —

Punch. Hear me, Sir.

Nonf. Hear him — hear him — hear him.

AIR XVI. Hey *Barnaby*, take it for Warning.

Punch. No Tricks shall save your Bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus Confuted,
Bring forth your Reasons or you are Nonsuited,
Heigh ho.

No Tricks shall save your Bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken.
Orat. Instead of Reasons advancing,
Let the Dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti, to. [They dance.]

Nonf. 'Tis all in vain: A Virgin I will live; and oh great Signior pr'ythee take this Chaplet, and still wear it for my sake.

Trag. And does great Nonsense then at length determine To give the Chaplet to that Singing Vermin?

Nonf. I do.

Trag. Then Opera come on, and let us try,
Whether shall wear the Chaplet, you or I.

E

AIR

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A I R XVII. Be kind and love.

Nov. Ob, spare to take his precious Life away ;
 So sweet a Voice must sure your Passion lay :
 Oh hear his gentle Murmurs first, and then,
 If you can kill him, I will cry Amen.

Trag. Since but a Song you ask, a Song I'll hear ;
 But tell him, that last Song, is his last Prayer.

A I R XVIII.

Op. Barbarous cruel Man,
 I'll Sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a Swan,
 I'm dying like a Swan,
 A Swan,
 A Swan,
 With my Face all pale and wan.
 More fierce art thou than Pyrates,
 Than Pyrates,
 Whom the Syrens Musick charms,
 Alarms,
 Disarms ;
 More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
 On the high - - - - Roads,
 On the high - - - - Roads.
 More fierce than Men on the high Roads,
 Whom Polly Peachum warms.
 The Devil
 Was made civil,
 By Orpheus tuneful Charms ;
 And ca - - - -
 - - - - n,
 He gentler prove than Man ?

Trag. I cannot do it — [Sheaths his Sword.
 Methinks I feel my Flesh congeal'd to Bone,
 And know not when I'm Flesh and Blood or Stone.

Pant. [Runs several times round the Stage.]

Nonf.

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Nonf. Alas, what means Monsieur *Pantomine*?

Curry. By his pointing to his Head, I suppose he would have the Chaplet.

Nonf. Pretty Youth!

Nov. Oh, my dear, how shall I express the Trouble of my Soul?

Op. If there be Sympathy in Love, I'm sure I felt it — for I was in a damnable Fright too.

Nov. Give me a Buss then.

A I R XIX. Under the Greenwood Tree;

*In vain a Thousand Heroes and Kings,
Should Court me to their Arms,
In vain should give me a Thousand fine Things,
For thee I'd reserve my Charms :
On that dear Breast, intranc'd in Joys,
Oh, let me ever be.*

Op. Oh, how I will kiss thee,
How I'll embliss thee,
When thou art a-bed with me.

Nonf. [repeats.] Oh, how I will kiss thee, &c.

Sir Farc. Since nothing but a Song will do, I will have my Song too.

Mast. Gentlemen, pray observe and take notice how *Sir Farcical's* Song sets *Nonsense* asleep.

A I R XX. Hunt the Squirrel.

*Can my Goddess then forget
Paraphonalia,
Paraphonalia ?
Can she the Crown on another Head set,
Than of her Paraphonalia ?
If that had not done too,
Remember my Bone too,
My Bone, my Bone, my Bone :
Sure my Goddess never can
Forget my Marrowbone.*

Cur. *Nonsense* is asleep.

Trag. Oh, ye immortal Powers !

Sir Far. If any thing can wake her 'tis a Dance.

Omnes. A Dance — a Dance — a Dance.

Enter Charon.

Maft. How now, *Charon*? you are not to enter yet.

Char. To enter, Sir! Alack-a-day! we are all undone: here is a Constable, and Mr. *Murder-text* the Presbyterian Parson, coming in.

Enter Murder-text and Constable.

Const. Are you the Master of the Puppet-Show ?

Maft. Yes, Sir.

Const. Then you must along with me, Sir; I have a Warrant for you, Sir.

Maft. For what?

Murd. For abusing *Nonsense*, Sirrah.

Const. People of Quality are not to have their Divisions libel'd at this Rate.

Murd. No, Sirrah; nor the Saints are not be abus'd neither.

Maft. Of what do you accuse me, Gentlemen?

Murd. Verily I smell a great deal of A — bomination and Prophaness — a Smell of Brimstone offendeth my Nostrils, a Puppet-Show is the Devil's-house, and I will burn it — shall you abuse *Nonsense*, when the whole Town supports it?

Maft. Pox on't, had this Fellow staid a few Moments longer — till the Dance had been over, I had been easy. Hark you, Mr. *Constable*, shall I only beg your Patience for one Dance, and then I'll wait on you?

Murd. Sirrah, don't try to corrupt the Magistrate with thy Bribes — here shall be no Dancing —
verily

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verily it is a Prophanè Myſtery, and hath in it a ſuperfluity of Abomination.

Nov. What does this Fellow of a Conſtable mean by interrupting our Play?

A I R XXI. Fair *Dorinda*.

*Oh Mr. Conſtable,
Drunken Rascal,
Would I had thee at the Roſe.
May'ſt thou be beaten,
Hang'd up and eaten,
May'ſt thou be eaten, eaten,
Eaten, eaten,
Eaten by the Carrion Crows.
The Filth that lies in Common Shores,
May it ever lie in thy Noſe,
May it ever
Lie in thy Noſe,
Oh may it lie in thy Noſe.*

Maſt. Mollifie yourſelf, Madam.

Murd. Verily that is a pretty Creature, it were a Piece of Charity to take her to my ſelf for a Hand-
maid—— [*Aſide.*

Conſt. Very pretty, very pretty truly—— If Magiſtrates are to be abus'd at this Rate—— the Devil may be a Conſtable for me—— Harkee, Madam, do you know who we are?

Nov. A Rogue, Sir.

Conſt. Madam, I'm a Conſtable by Day, and a Juſtice of Peace by Night.

Nov. That is a Buzzard by Day, and an Owl by Night.

The Pleasures of the Town.

A I R XXII. New-market.

Const. *Why, Madam, do you give such Words as these
To a Constable and Justice of Peace?
I fancy you'll better know how to speak,
By that time you've been in Bridewell a Week;
Have beaten good Hemp, and been
Whipt at a Post;
I hope you'll repent, when some Skin
You have lost.
But if this makes you tremble, I'll not be severe;
Come down a good Guinea, and you shall be clear.*

Nov. *Oh, Mr. Murder-text, you, I am sure, are the
Commander in this Enterprize. If you will prevent
the Rest of our Show, let me beg you will permit the
Dance.*

A I R XXIII. Charming Betty.

*Gentle Preacher,
Non-con Teacher,
Pr'ythee let us take a Dance;
Leave your Canting,
Zealous Ranting,
Come and shake a merry Haunch;
Motions firing,
Sounds inspiring,
We are led to softer Joys;
Where in Trances,
Each Soul dances,
Musick then seems only Noise.*

*Murd. Verily, I am conquer'd—— Pity prevaieth
over Severity, and the Flesh hath subdued the Spi-
rit—— I feel a Motion in me, and whether it be
of Grace or no I am not certain—— Pretty Maid, I
cannot*

cannot be deaf any longer to your Prayers, I will abide the performing a Dance, and will my self, being there-to mov'd by an inward working, accompany you therein, taking for my Partner that reverend Gentleman.

Maſt. Then ſtrike up.

Enter Witmore, Mrs. Moneywood, Harriot and Bantomite.

Harr. My dear Harry!

Wit. Long live his Maſteſty of *Bantam*.

Mrs. Money. Heaven preſerve him.

Bant. Your gracious Father, Sir, greets you well.

Luck. or Maſt. What, in the Devil's Name, is the Meaning of this?

Bant. I find he is intirely ignorant of his Father.

Wit. Ay, Sir, it is very common in this Country for a Man not to know his Father.

Luck. What do you mean?

Bant. His Features are much alter'd.

Luck. Sir, I ſhall alter your Features, if you proceed.

Bant. Give me leave to explain my ſelf. I was your Tutor in your earlieſt Years, ſent by your Father, his preſent Maſteſty *Francis IV.* King of *Bantam*, to ſhew you the World. We arriv'd at *London*, when one Day among other Frolicks our Ship's Crew ſhooting the Bridge, the Boat over-ſet, and of all our Company, I and your Royal Self were only ſav'd by ſwimming into *Billingsgate*; but tho' I ſav'd my Life, I loſt for ſome time my Senſes, and you, as I then fear'd, for ever. When I recover'd, after a long fruitleſs Search for my Royal Maſter, I ſet Sail for *Bantam*, but was driven by the Winds on far diſtant Coaſts, and wander'd ſeveral Years, till at laſt I arriv'd once more at *Bantam*,—Gueſs how I was receiv'd—The King order'd me to be imprison'd for Life: At laſt, ſome lucky Chance brought thither a Merchant, who offer'd this Jewel as a Preſent to the King of *Bantam*.

Luck. Ha! it is the same which was tied upon my Arm, which by good Luck I preserv'd from every other Accident, till want of Money forc'd me to pawn it.

Bant. The Merchant being strictly examin'd, said he had it of a Pawn-broker, upon which I was immediately dispatch'd to *England*, and the Merchant kept close Prisoner till my Return, then to be punish'd with Death, or rewarded with the Government of an Island.

Luck. Know then, that at that Time when you lost your Senses, I also lost mine. I was taken up half dead by a Waterman, and convey'd to his Wife, who sold Oysters, by whose Assistance I recover'd. But the Waters of the *Thames*, like those of *Lethe*, had caus'd an entire Oblivion of my former Fortune——But now it breaks in like Light upon me, and I begin to recollect it all. Is not your Name *Gonsalvo*?

Bant. It is.

Luck. Oh, my *Gonsalvo*!

Bant. Oh, my dearest Lord!

[*Embrace.*]

Luck. But say by what lucky Accident you discover'd me.

Bant. I did intend to have advertis'd you in the *Evening Post*, with a Reward; but being directed by the Merchant to the Pawn-broker, I was accidentally there enquiring after you, when your Boy brought your Nab. (Oh, sad Remembrance, that the Son of a King should pawn a Hat!) The Woman told me, that was the Boy that pawn'd the Jewel, and of him I learnt where you lodg'd.

Luck. Prodigious Fortune! [*A Post-horn without.*]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. An Express is arriv'd from *Bantam* with the News of his Majesty's Death.

Bant. Then, Sir, you are King. Long live *Henry I. King of Bantam.*

Omnes.

Omnes. Long live Henry I. King of Bantam.

Luck. Witmore, I now may repay your Generosity.

Wit. Fortune has repaid me, I am sure more than she ow'd, by conferring this Blessing on you.

Luck. My Friend—— But here I am indebted to the golden Goddess, for having given me an Opportunity to aggrandize the Mistress of my Soul, and set her on the Throne of Bantam; so once more repeat your Acclamations, Long live Henry and Harriot, King and Queen of Bantam,

Omnes. Huzza!

AIR XXIV. Gently touch the warbling Lute.

Harr. Let others fondly court a Throne,
All my Joy's in you alone;
Let me find a Crown in you,
Let me find a Sceptre too,
Equal in the Court or Grove,
I am blest, do you but love.

Luck. Were I not with you to live,
Bantam would no Pleasure give.
Happier in some Forest I
Could upon that Bosom lie.
I would guard you from all Harms
While you slept within my Arms.

Harr. Would an Alexander rise,
Him I'd view with scornful Eyes.

Luck. Would Helen with thy Charms compare,
Her I'd think not half so fair:
Dearest shalt thou ever be,

Harr. Thou alone shalt reign in me.

Const. I hope your Majesty will pardon a poor ignorant Constable: I did not know your Worship, I assure you.

Luck. Pardon you—— Ay more—— You shall be chief Constable of Bantam,—— You, Mr. Murder-text,

der-text shall be my Chaplain; you, Sir, my Orator; you my Poet-Laureat; you my Bookseller; you *Don Tragedio*, Sir *Farcical* and *Signior Opera*, shall entertain the City of *Bantam* with your Performances. Mrs. *No-vel*, you shall be a Romance Writer; and to shew my Generosity, *Marplay* and *Sparkish* shall superintend my Theatres—— All proper Servants for the King of *Bantam*.

Money. I always thought he had something more than ordinary in him.

Luck. This Gentlewoman is the Queen's Mother.

Money. For want of a better, Gentlemen.

A I R XXV. Oh ponder well.

Money. *Alack how alter'd is my Fate!*

What Changes have I seen!

For I, who Lodgings let of late,

Am now again a Queen.

Punch. *And I, who in this Puppet-Show*

Have played Punchenello,

Will now let all the Audience know

I am no common Fellow.

Punch. If his Majesty of *Bantam* will give me leave, I can make a Discovery which will be to his Satisfaction. You have chose for a Wife, *Henrietta*, Princess of *Old Brentford*.

Omnes. How!

Punch. When the King of *Old Brentford* was expell'd by the King of the *New*, the Queen flew away with her little Daughter, then about two Years old, and was never heard of since. But I sufficiently recollect the Phiz of my Mother, and thus I ask her Blessing.

Money. Oh, my Son!

Harr. Oh, my Brother!

Punch. Oh, my Sister!

Money.

The Pleasures of the Town.

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Money. I am sorry, in this Pickle, to remember who I am. But alas! too true is all you've said: Tho' I have been reduced to let Lodgings, I was the Queen of *Brentford*, and this, tho' a Player, is a King's Son.

Enter Joan.

Joan. Then I am a King's Daughter, for this Gentleman is my Husband.

Money. My Daughter!

Harr. } My Sister!

Luck. }

Punch. My Wife!

Luck. Strike up, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets——

Punch, I will restore you into your Kingdom at the Expence of my own. I will send an Express to *Bantam* for my Army.

Punch. Brother, I thank you—— And now, if you please, we will celebrate these happy Discoveries with a Dance.

A DANCE.

Luck. Taught by my Fate, let never Bard despair,
Tho' long he drudge, and feed on *Grub-street* Air:
Since him (at last) 'tis possible to see
As happy and as great a King as me.

4 AP 54



EPI.

EPILOGUE.

1 Poet,
2 Poet,
3 Poet,
4 Poet,
Player,
Cat,

Mr. Jones.
Mr. Dove.
Mr. Marshall.
Mr. Wells jun.
Miss Palms.
Mrs. Martin.

Four Poets sitting at a Table.

1 Po. **B** Rethren, we are assembled here, to write
An Epilogue, which must be spoke To-night.

2 Po. Let the first Lines be to the Pit address'd.

3 Po. If Criticks too were mention'd, it were best;
With fulsome Flattery, let them be cramm'd,
But if they damn the Play ———

1 Po. ——— Let them be damn'd.

2 Po. Supposing therefore, Brother, we shou'd lay
Some very great Encomiums on the Play?

3 Po. It cannot be amiss ———

1 Po. ——— Now mount the Boxes,
Abuse the Beaus, and Compliment the Doxies.

4 Po. Abuse the Beaus! ——— But how?

1 Po. ——— Oh! never mind.

In ev'ry modern Epilogue, you'll find
Enough, which we may borrow of that kind. }

3 Po. What will the Name of Imitation soften?

1 Po. Oh! Sir, you cannot say good things too often;
And sure those Thoughts which in another shine,
Become not duller, by becoming mine.

3 Po. I'm satisfy'd.

1 Po. ——— The Audience is already
Divided into Critick, Beau, and Lady;
Nor Box, nor Pit, nor Gallery, can shew
One, who's not Lady, Critick, or a Beau.

3 Po.

EPILOGUE.

- 3 Po. *It must be very difficult to please
Fancies so odd, so opposite as these.*
- 1 Po. *The Task is not so difficult, as put;
There's one thing pleases all.*
- 2 Po. — *What is that?*
- 1 Po. ——— *Smut.*
*For as a Whore is lik'd, for being tawdry,
So is an Epilogue for ———*
- 3 Po. [in a Passion.] ——— *I order you,
On Pain of my Departure, not to chatter,
One Word so very sav'ry of the Creature;
For, by my Pen, might I Parnassus share,
I'd not, to gain it all, offend the Fair.*
- 1 Po. *You are too nice ——— for say whate'er we can,
Their Modesty is safe behind a Fan.*
- 4 Po. *Well, let us now begin.*
- 3 Po. ——— *But we omit
An Epilogue's chief Decoration, Wit.*
- 1 Po. *It hath been so; but that stale Custom's broken;
Tho' dull to read, 'twill please you when 'tis spoken.*

Enter the Author.

- Auth. *Fie, Gentlemen, the Audience now hath staid
This half Hour for the Epilogue ———*
- All Po. ——— *'Tis not made.*
- Auth. *How! ——— then I value not your Aid of that,
I'll have the Epilogue spoken by a Cat.
Puss, Puss, Puss, Puss, Puss, Puss, Puss.*

Enter Cat.

- 1 Po. ——— *I'm in a Rage
When Cats come on, Poets shou'd leave the Stage.*
[Exeunt Poets.]
- Cat. *Mew, Mew.*
- Auth. ——— *Poor Puss, come hither pretty Rogue,
Who knows but you may come to be in Vogue?
Some Ladies like a Cat, and some a Dog.*

} Enter

EPILOGUE.

Enter a Player.

Play. *Cass! cass! cass! cass! Fie, Mr. Luckless, what Can you be doing with that filthy Cat?* [Exit Cat.

Auth. *Oh! curst Misfortune—— what can I be doing? This Devil's coming in has prov'd my Ruin. She's driv'n the Cat and Epilogue away.*

Play. *Sure you are mad, and know not what you say.*

Auth. *Mad you may call me, Madam; but you'll own, I hope, I am not madder than the Town.*

Play. *A Cat to speak an Epilogue——*

Auth. *——— speak!—— no, Only to act the Epilogue in Dumb-Show.*

Play. *Dumb-Show!*

Auth. *——— Why, pray, is that so strange a Comedy? And have you not seen Perseus and Andromeda? Where you may find strange Incidents intended, And regular Intrigues begun and ended, Tho' not a Word doth from an Actor fall; As 'tis polite to speak in Murmurs small, Sure, 'tis politer, not to speak at all.*

Play. *But who is this?——*

Enter Cat as a Woman.

Auth. *——— I know her not——*

Cat. *——— I that Am now a Woman, lately was a Cat.*

[Turns to the Audience.

Gallants, you seem to think this Transformation As strange as was the Rabbit's Procreation; That 'tis as odd a Cat shou'd take the Habit Of breeding us, as we shou'd breed a Rabbit. I'll warrant eating one of them wou'd be As easy to a Beau, as—— kissing me. I wou'd not for the World that Thing should catch us, Cries scar'd Sir Plume—— Fore-gad, my Lord, she'd scratch us.

Yet

EPILOGUE.

Yet let not that deter you from your Sport,
You'll find my Nails are par'd exceeding short.
But—Ha!—what Murmurs thro' the Benches roam!
The Husbands cry——we've Cat enough at home.
This Transformation can be strange to no Man,
There's a great Likeness 'twixt a Cat and Woman.
Chang'd by her Lover's earnest Prayers, we're
told,

A Cat was, to a beauteous Maid of old.
Cou'd modern Husbands thus the Gods prevail on;
Oh gemini! what Wife wou'd have no Tail on.
Puss wou'd be seen where Madam lately sat,
And ev'ry Lady Townly be a Cat.

Say, all of you, whose Honey-moon is over,
What wou'd you give such Changes to discover;
And waking in the Morn, instead of Bride,
To find poor Pussy purring by your Side.
Say, gentle Husbands, which of you wou'd curse,
And cry, my Wife is alter'd for the worse?

Shou'd to our Sex the Gods like Justice show,
And at our Pray'rs transform our Husbands too,
Many a Lord, who now his Fellows scorns,
Wou'd then exceed a Cat by nothing—but his Horns.
So Plenty then wou'd be those Foes to Rats,
Henly might prove that all Mankind are Cats.

F I N I S.



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